

A
P O R T I O N
O F
P S A L M S,

SELECTED FROM THE

Rev. JAMES MERRICK'S

N E W V E R S I O N

For the Use of the CHURCH of

W A N D S W O R T H.

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P S A L M S
N E W V E R S I O N .

P S A L M I I I .

- 1 **B**EHOLD, my God, what num'rous foes
With dire intent my steps inclose,
While, flush'd with hope, the impious Band
In haughty triumph round me stand:
"Lo! there, they cry, our obvious prey,
"The wretch, whom God has cast away."
- 2 But see Omnipotence my shield!
My head aloft by Thee upheld,
Thy fav'ring beams around me shine;
Thou, Lord, from SION's hallow'd shrine
With kind regard shalt hear my cry,
And instant grant the wish'd reply.
- 3 Oppress'd with toil, I sought repose,
I laid me down, I slept, I rose;
For Thou my God, wert waking still,
To guard my slumb'ring head from ill.
Though Myriads, leagu'd, against me rise,
My heart secure their rage defies.

- 4 Thy aid, blest Lord, indulgent yield :
 Oft, as I trod the doubtful field,
 Each hostile cheek has felt thy stroke ;
 Thy rod their teeth vindictive broke ;
 O yield (nor shall I ask in vain,)
 That oft experienc'd aid again.
- 5 Th' impending storm my God assuage ;
 'Tis thine to quell their impious rage,
 'Tis thine, great God, 'tis thine to save
 Thy Servants from th' expecting grave,
 'Tis thine to bless them from above,
 And crown them with eternal Love.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 **D**EFENDER of my rightful cause,
 While anguish from my bosom draws
 The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
 O make thy servant still thy care.
 That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
 That aid again, intreated, yield.
- 2 How long, ye sons of pride, how long
 Shall falshood arm your impious tongue ?
 How long shall secret love of ill
 To wretched malice prompt your will,
 And erring rage your breast inflame,
 My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame ?
- 3 To God my heart shall vent its woe,
 Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
 On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
 Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
 Him wouldst thou please ? With rev'rent awe
 Observe the dictates of his Law.
- 4 In secret on thy couch reclin'd
 Search to its depth thy restless mind,

P S A L M IV.

5

Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die.
With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to Him thy care resign.

- 5 I hear a hopeless train demand,
"Where's now the wish'd Deliv'rer's hand?"
Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy presence from on high
In full effusion o'er our head
Its all-entwining influence shed.

- 6 What joy my conscious heart o'erflows!
Not such th' exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The vintage and the harvests rise,
And, shadowing wide the cultur'd soil,
With full requital crown his toil.

- 7 My weary eyes in sleep I close,
My limbs, secure, to rest compose;
For Thou, great God, shalt screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed,
Thy choicest gifts shalt bid me share,
And make my safety still Thy care.

P S A L M V.

- 1 **T**HE words that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts (for Thou those thoughts
canst read,) My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
- 2 With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
And, e'er the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To Thee direct its longing eye:

- 3 To Thee, whom nought obscur'd by stain
Can please; whose doors to feet profane
Inexorable stand; whose Law
Offenders from thy sight shall awe.
- 4 Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed,
Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.
- 5 But I, whose hope thy Love supports,
(How great that Love!) will tread thy Courts,
My knees in lowliest rev'rence bend,
And tow'rd thy shrine my hands extend.
- 6 Do Thou, just God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hostile snare;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.
- 7 Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of falsehood and of guilt compos'd,
Whose heart with impious fury fraught,
Closely conceals their inward thought.
- 8 Their throat a sepulchre displays,
Deep, wide, insatiate; in their praise
Lurks flatt'ry, and with specious art
Belies the purpose of their heart.
- 9 O let the mischiefs they intend
Retorted on themselves descend,
And let thy wrath correct their sin,
Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.
- 10 May all who trust in Thee, employ
Their grateful voice in songs of joy,
And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of JACOB'S God.

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- 11 To each, who bears a guiltless heart,
 Thy grace its blessing shall impart;
 Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
 Around him casts its cov'ring shade.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long shall I, my God, in vain,
 Prett by a weight of griefs, complain?
 Say, shall I sink in deep despair,
 For ever banish'd from thy care?

- 2 Condemn'd thy absent beams to mourn
 Still to divided counsels turn
 My lab'ring thought, and hear the foe
 Exulting triumph in my woe?

- 3 Thy Suppliant's voice attentive weigh,
 And bid, O bid, thy heav'nly ray
 With healing influence o'er me rise,
 E'er death's dark slumber close my eyes.

- 4 What transport would my fall impart
 To each incens'd opposer's heart,
 Who would their every art address
 The Friend of peace and truth t'oppress!

- 5 "Behold, the hostile tongue would cry,
 "Beneath my feet behold him lie,
 "The wretch that, hasting to his end,
 "With pow'r superior durst contend."

- 6 But, while their ceaseless threats I hear,
 Thy mercy, Lord, dispels my fear;
 My hopes on thy Salvation rest,
 And fill with conscious joy my breast.

- 7 Well pleas'd that mercy to proclaim,
To Thee, instinct with holy flame,
To Thee my tongue from day to day
Shall meditate the grateful lay.

P S A L M XV.

- 1 **W**HIO shall tow'rd thy choien seat
Turn in glad approach his feet?
Who shall at Thine Altars bend?
Who to SION's Hill ascend?
Who, great God, a welcome Guest,
On that hallow'd Mountain rest?
He whose heart Thy Love has warm'd,
He whose Will, to Thine conform'd,
Bids his Life unsullied run,
And whose word and thought are one.
- 2 He who ne'er with cruel aim
Seeks to wound an honest fame,
Nor with gloomy joy possess'd
Can a Brother's peace molest,
Or to Slander's tongue severe
Stoops with easy faith his ear:
Who from servile terror free
Spurns at those who spurn at Thee,
And to each who Thee obeys
Love and lowliest rev'rence pays.
- 3 What he swears, with stedfast will
To his loss he shall fulfill,
Nor by avaritious loan
Make the poor man's bread his own;
Nor can bribes his sentence guide
'Gainst the guiltless to decide.
He who thus, with heart unstain'd,
Treads the path by Thee ordain'd,
He, great God, shall own thy care,
And thy constant blessing share.

P S A L M XVII.

- 1 **T**O Thee, the Judge inthron'd on high,
 Shall injur'd Innocence apply :
 O let my pray'r by Thee be heard,
 From undissembling lips prefer'd ;
 O let my Doom from Thee proceed,
 And gracious mark the upright deed.
- 2 When night's dark shades were round me pour'd,
 Thy thoughts my spirit have explor'd ;
 Say, to thy all-discerning eyes
 If aught of guilt within me rise,
 If offer'd violence and wrong
 Have urg'd to Sin my thoughtless tongue.
- 3 Taught by thy Word my stedfast mind
 Has each nefarious path declin'd ;
 O still my Guardian, still my Guide,
 Forbid my wav'ring feet to slide.
 To Thee (for Thou the pray'r canst hear,)
 To Thee my suppliant voice I rear.
- 4 O treat me not with cold disdain,
 Nor let my vows return in vain,
 Do Thou, whose hand th' oppressor quells,
 And each invading pow'r repells
 From Him whose hopes on Thee repose,
 To Me thy wondrous grace disclose.
- 5 What care the pupil of the eye
 Demands, that care to Me apply,
 Let thy prevailing beams dispel,
 The Clouds of grief that o'er me dwell ;
 " And keep, O keep me, King of Kings,
 " Beneath thy own almighty wings."
- 6 Rich in my spoils, with murth'rous hate
 A pamper'd Croud around me wait,

Their heart, with impious fury stung,
To mad presumption prompts their tongue;
Pride on their neck its chain has bound,
And violence invests them round.

- 7 With watchful look they mark my way,
As lurks, expectant of the prey,
The Lion, or his tawny brood
To rapine born, and nurs'd in blood;
Rise, Lord, and let me, by thy aid
Preserv'd, their threat'ning jaws evade.
- 8 With sword unsheath'd, and lifted hand,
Preventive crush the lawless Band,
Whose Days, with Life's full blessings fraught,
To Earth's low scene confine their thought;
Whose eyes a num'rous race behold,
To heir their heaps of treasur'd gold.
- 9 Far other bliss my soul shall own,
A bliss to guilty minds unknown.
O! when, awaken'd by thy care,
Thy face I view, thy image bear,
How shall my breast with transport glow,
What full delight my heart o'erflow!

P S A L M XIX.

- 1 **G**OD the Heav'ns aloud proclaim
Through their wide-extended frame,
And the Firmament each hour
Speaks the wonders of his pow'r.
- 2 Day to the succeeding day
Joys the notice to convey,
And the Nights, in ceaseless round,
Each to each repeat the sound.
- 3 Prompt, without or speech or tongue,
In his praise to form the song;

To the Lord they raise the Theme,
Who of Gods is God supreme.

- 4 Pleas'd to hear their voice extend
Far as to her utmost end,
Earth the Heav'n-taught knowledge boasts
Through her many-languag'd coats.

- 5 While the Sun above her head
Sees his tabernacle spread,
And from out his chamber bright
Like a Bridegroom springs to light.

- 6 See him with gigantic pace
Joyous run his destin'd race,
See him ev'ry breast to cheer
Pass thro' Heav'n in swift career;

- 7 Now to farthest regions borne
Onward speed, and now return,
And to All, with welcome ray,
Life and genial warmth convey.

- 8 Warmth and life each thankful heart,
Feels thy Law, great God, impart,
Clear from ev'ry spot it shines,
And the guilt-stain'd Thought refines.

- 9 Truths firm base its frame upholds,
While it Mysteries unfolds,
Which the childlike mind explores,
And to heav'nly science soars.

- 10 Preft with sorrows, doubts, and fears,
What like this the spirit hears,
Big with acts that shall suggest,
Endless mirth to ev'ry breast?

- 11 What so perfect, what so pure?
What to Reason's eye obscure
Can such wond'rous light afford,
As the dictates of thy Word?
- 12 Where thy Fear its fruit matures,
(Fruit, that endless years endures,)
There the mind, to Vice a foe,
Pants thy blest Decrees to know.
- 13 There the mind to virtue sworn
Nought its purpose, Lord, can turn,
And (its will to thine subdu'd,)
Owns them wise, and just, and good.
- 14 Nor can Gold such worth acquire
From the sev'nth exploring fire,
Nor the labour of the bees
E'er in sweetness vie with these.
- 15 Taught by Them, thy Servant's breast
Joys the Blessings to attest
Heap'd on those whose hearts sincere
Learn thy Precepts to revere.
- 16 Best Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth my mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 17 Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 18 So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the Men whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

19 Let my tongue, from error free,
 Speak the words approv'd by Thee;
 'To thy all-observing eyes
 Let my thoughts accepted rise.

20 While I thus thy name adore,
 And thy healing grace implore,
 Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
 God my Strength, propitious hear.

P S A L M XX.

1 **M**AY He whom Heav'n and Earth obey
 Regard thee in the dreadful day,
 May JACOB'S Lord above thy head
 His own victorious banner spread.

2 May He from out his hallow'd shrine
 Reach to thy aid the hand divine,
 And strength into thy soul infill
 From beauteous SION'S favour'd hill.

3 T'ere may thy incense to the skies
 In sweet memorial ever rise;
 Thy victims there in smoke aspire,
 Touch'd by his own celestial fire.

4 May He thy ev'ry thought approve,
 May He indulgent from above
 His wonted Benefits impart,
 And grant the wishes of thine Heart;

5 In all thy dangers intervene
 While We, his great Salvation seen,
 Assist thy joy, thy triumphs share,
 And bless the God who hears thy pray'r.

6 I see, I see th' Almighty shed
 His blessings on th' anointed head,

Attentive from his holy Heav'n
Protect the crown Himself has giv'n.

7 I see th' Almighty, to thy foes
His all subduing strength oppose,
And, cloth'd with mercy, reach his Hand
'To save thee from the impious band.

8 These urge to Fight the rattling Car,
And Those the fiery Steed prepare,
Unenvied Both by Us, who see
Our sure defence, great God in Thee.

9 Driv'n by superior force they fly,
Or, fall'n, in heaps promiscuous lie,
While We our heads exulting raise,
And sing our great Deliv'rer's praise.

10 O, when we praise, and when we pray,
Do 'Thou, whom Heav'n and Earth obey,
Accept the praise, confirm the pray'r,
And make our safety still thy care.

P S A L M XXIII.

1 **L**O, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy Charge,
And my couch with tend'rest care
'Midst the springing gra's prepare.
When I faint with summers heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadow flow.

2 He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,

When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way.
 Though the dreary vale I tread
 By the shades of death o'erspread,
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my ev'ry wish I see
 By thy rod and staff supplied,
 'This my guard, and that my guide.

- 3 While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown;
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
 Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
 Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows;
 For thy Love no limit knows:
 Constant, to my latest end
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome
 Yield me an eternal home.

P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **E**ARTH, big with Empires, to thy Reign
 Submits, great God, its wide domain;
 Whate'er this Orb's vast bounds confine,
 By just possession, Lord, is thine:
- 2 That Orb amid the wat'ry waste
 Thy hands, best architect, have plac'd,
 And bid th' unfathomable Deep
 Beneath its firm foundations sleep.
- 3 Lord, who shall to thy hill ascend?
 Or who thy hallow'd Dome attend?
 There joyful find a sure abode,
 And own the presence of his God.
- 4 Whose hands and heart from guilt are free,
 Who ne'er to idols bow'd the knee,

Nor studious of deceit, would try
By oaths to consecrate a lye.

5 On such th' Almighty from above
Shall heap the blessings of his Love,
And, purg'd from sin's transmissive stain,
Admit them to his sacred Fane.

6 Such only form the chosen Choir,
Whose feet, with licens'd step, aspire
To visit SION's blest Abode;
Who seek the face of JACOB's God.

7 Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd Gate,
Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
Ye everlasting Portals, rear;
Behold the King of glory near.

8 And who this King of glory ? say.
The Lord who bears th' eternal sway,
Who, cloth'd with strength, to war descends,
And conquest on his sword attends.

9 Lift, lift your heads each hallow'd Gate,
Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
Ye everlasting Portals, rear;
Behold the King of glory near.

10 And who this King of glory ? say.
The God whom Heav'n's high Hosts obey:
In Him that King of glory view,
And yield to Him the homage due.

P S A L M XXVI.

1 **B**E thou my judge : thy searching eyes
My guiltless life have known :
On Thee my steadfast soul relies,
Nor fear of lapse shall own.

- O search me still ; my heart, my reins,
 With strictest view survey :
 Thy Love, great God, my hope sustains,
 Thy Truth directs my way.
- 2 The house of guile, and seat of lies,
 With studious care I shun :
 From Crouds that impious deeds devise
 My steps abhorrent run.
 In innocence I wash my hands,
 Thy altar compass round,
 And grateful lead the sacred Bands,
 Whose hymns thy acts resound.
- 3 How oft, instinct with warmth divine,
 Thy threshold have I trod !
 How lov'd the Courts whose walls inshrine
 The Glory of my God !
 O let me not the vengeance share,
 That waits the guilty Tribe,
 Whose murth'rous hands each mischief dare,
 And grasp the offer'd bribe :
- 4 But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
 The path by Thee prepar'd,
 Thy beams of mercy on my head,
 And round me plant a guard.
 Thou, Lord, my steps hast fix'd aright,
 And pleas'd shalt hear my tongue
 With ISRAEL's thankful Sons unite
 To form the festal Song.

P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 **G**OD my Strength, to Thee I pray ;
 Turn not Thou thine ear away ;
 Lest, while to thy Suppliant's cry
 Thou thy answer shalt deny,

Sudden I my place assume
 'Midst the tenants of the tomb,
 Gracious to my vows attend,
 While the humble knee I bend,
 And, inspir'd with holy fear,
 Tow'rd thy shrine my hands uprear.

2 Give me not thy wrath to know,
 Nor to feel the vengeful blow
 By thy just decrees assign'd
 To the Men of impious mind,
 Who, their hearts intent on wrong,
 Smooth with lies their venom'd tongue.
 Let whate'er their thoughts devise,
 (Thus aloud thy Justice cries,)
 What their ruthless arm has dar'd,
 Meet from Thee its full reward:

3 While thy wrath with steady pace
 Step by step their feet shall trace,
 And, though now their stubborn ear
 Shun thy wond'rous acts to hear,
 Teach them to confess thy pow'r,
 Shatter'd like the Heav'n-struck Tow'r,
 That before th' astonish'd sight,
 Stooping from its airy height,
 'Midst the thunder's awful roar,
 Falls to be rebuilt no more.

4 Let me (for with pitying ear
 God my pray'r has deign'd to hear,)
 Let me thanks perpetual yield;
 He my Strength, and He my Shield,
 On his long-experienc'd aid
 See my hope for ever stay'd,
 While my heart, with joy possess'd,
 Dances in my throbbing breast,
 And my tongue in grateful lays
 Consecrates to Him its praise.

- 5 Thou whose arm is o'er us spread,
 Prompt to guard th' anointed head,
 And from each invader's hand
 Vindicate thy chosen Land,
 Save thy People from distress,
 And thy Patrimony bless!
 Give them Lord, thy Love to share,
 Feed them with a Shepherd's care,
 And their pow'r to latest days
 O'er their foes triumphant raise.

P S A L M XXXII.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man, whose conscious grief
 From Thee, great God, has found relief;
 Whose guilt thy boundless Love has veil'd,
 His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd;
- 2 To whom th' offences of his hand
 No longer now imputed stand,
 Who learns thy precepts to revere,
 Whose heart is pure, whose tongue sincere.
- 3 While deep within my lab'ring breast
 My mind its dire disease suppress'd,
 Incessant groans, that shun'd controul,
 Betray'd the anguish of my soul.
- 4 See Age-anticipating Care
 My joints dissolve, my strength impair,
 Relentless from my cheek each trace
 Of youth and blooming health erase.
- 5 When Night extends its dusky cone,
 Beneath thy terrors, Lord, I groan;
 The shades anon retreating see;
 And Day to All restor'd, but Me,

- 6 Behold my frame with drought consum'd,
That late with youthful vigour bloom'd ;
Such drought the blatted fields betray,
Beneath the dog-star's burning ray.
- 7 My humbled Soul its crimes shall own :—
Behold me bow before thy Throne,
To Thee my inmost guilt disclose,
And in thy bosom pour my woes.
- 8 But lo ! while yet my hands I rear,
The voice of mercy to my ear
Descends, and whisp'ring peace within
Confirms the pardon of my sin.
- 9 For this shall All who Thee adore,
E'er vet the day of grace be o'er,
To Thee with stedfast hope repair,
To Thee prefer th' unwearied pray'r :
- 10 So when affliction's tempests rise,
And heave the billows to the skies,
They, safe in Thee, the storm shall brave,
And distant view the madding wave.
- 11 When various griefs my soul surround,
In Thee my sure retreat is found ;
Thy wish'd Salvation meets my eyes,
And songs of triumph round me rise.
- 12 Come, from thy God instruction learn ;
While, prompt from error's path to turn
Thy feet, thy ev'ry step I scan,
Let Reason's use bespeak the Man ;
- 13 Nor imitate the Steed and Mule,
Whose brutal mouth, averse to rule,
To guard thee from their rage, must feel
The forceful rein, and curbing steel.

- 14 What pangs the impious Tribe await,
While hope and joy his heart dilate,
Who trusts in Thee, O King of Kings,
And Mercy round him spread her wings!
- 15 Ye Saints, exulting lift your voice,
Ye pure of mind in Him rejoice,
Whose presence on the soul impress'd
With heav'nly transport fills the breast.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Spare me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
Pierc'd by thy shafts, great God, I stand,
And feel the pressure of thy hand.
- 2 Thou seest, from health estrang'd, my frame
The terrors of thy wrath proclaim,
While conscious guilt alarms my breast,
And robs my tortur'd joints of rest.
- 3 Whelm'd with a weight of sins I mourn,
A weight too heavy to be borne;
My wounds, whose smart those sins repays,
The wide-infected air betrays.
- 4 See! bow'd, from morn to eve, with woe,
And, wrapt in sackcloth drear, I go;
My reins with hidden torments wrung,
Each limb diseas'd, each nerve unstrung.
- 5 Aloud my sufferings I bemoan,
And fainting pour the frequent groan;
But Thou, ere yet my groans proceed,
My griefs and inmost wish canst read.
- 6 Behold my heart with anguish torn,
My strength with long affliction worn,

And stretch'd before my wasted sight
The shadows of approaching night.

- 7 Each kind consolers of my care,
(Who wont my plenteous board to share,)
With pitying eye, with silent gaze,
My alter'd lineaments surveys;
- 8 My Friends, and next Allies by birth,
(Once kind Companions of my mirth,
When wing'd with health the moments flew,)
My griefs with distant horror view.
- 9 With snares my foes beset my way,
Intent on death throughout the day
With fiercest rage my name revile,
And discipline their thoughts to guile:
- 10 Invented crimes, and taunts severe,
With steadiest patience, Lord, I hear,
Unmov'd, as One who deaf and mute
Nor censure feels, nor can refute:
- 11 For Thou, best Advocate, art nigh;
On Thee, great God, my hopes rely;
O vindicate my fame from wrong,
And silence the reproachful tongue.
- 12 'Thou know'st the tenour of my pray'r;
O let me not their insults bear:
But hear, and to my soul display
Thy Mercy's all-enliv'ning ray.
- 13 Mark, when my steps have chanc'd to slide,
The shouts that rise on ev'ry side,
And, echoing through the wounded air,
The triumphs of their heart declare.

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14. Thou seest how prone to lapse my feet,
 What woes my eyes incessant meet;
 Nor thins my soul its guilt to own,
 But forrowing bows before thy throne.
15. How strong, how num'rous, are the foes
 That unprovok'd my peace oppose,
 Their veins with health's full current warm,
 And strong with active might their arm!
16. Ill for my Good return'd I find,
 Nor know from aught (but that, inclin'd
 To Good, their deeds I shun,) to date
 The ground of their prepos't'rous hate.
17. O let me, rais'd by Thee, no more
 The absence of thine aid deplore;
 God of my life, recede not far,
 But haste and make that life thy care.

P S A L M XL.

1. **W**ITH patient hope my God I sought;
 He to his Suppliant's want his thought
 In happiest hour apply'd:
 He from the dark and miry pit
 High on the rock has rais'd my feet;
 Nor fear my steps to slide.
2. His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
 And dictates to my lips a song
 In strains unheard before.
 Admiring crouds his work shall see,
 Their strength on Him repose with Me,
 With Me his name adore.
3. Blest, who in Thee, great God, confide,
 Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
 And helps that but betray.

- Thy Mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
 Nor numbers can their sum recount,
 Nor words their worth display.
- 4 Nor Sacrifice thy Love can win,
 Nor Off'rings from the stain of sin
 Obnoxious Man shall clear:
 Thy hand my mortal frame prepares,
 (Thy hand, whose signature it bears,)
 And opes my willing ear.
- 5 And, since the Blood of Victims slain,
 And hallow'd Gifts, attempt in vain
 T' avert th' Offender's doom,
 Myself the atonement will provide;
 Lo! (touch'd with pity, thus I cry'd,)
 I come, my God, I come.
- 6 Thy Book, by sacred Bards unroll'd,
 My full obedience has foretold
 To Thy mysterious Will.
 His just assent thy Servant gives,
 Thy words my Breast with joy receives,
 My Hands with zeal fulfil.
- 7 The faithful Witness to thy fame,
 Aloud thy Justice I proclaim
 To ABRAHAM'S chosen Race:
 My lip, Thou know'st, have ne'er declin'd
 To preach the Theme by Thee injoin'd,
 The Wonders of thy Grace.
- 8 With strong desire my bosom glows
 Thy Truth and Mercy to disclose,
 In Man's relief display'd:
 O let that Truth dispel my woe,
 That Mercy, Lord, around me throw
 Its all-protecting shade.

9 While griefs on griefs my cup have mix'd,
 On earth my downward looks are fix'd ;
 The Sins, whose weight I bear,
 (Those Sins, that number'd by the eye
 The hairs that shade my head outvie,)
 My heart with anguish tear.

10 Haste to thy Servant's rescue, haste ;
 My Soul, by hostile numbers chas'd,
 To Thee directs its pray'r.
 In wild confusion backward borne
 Their wish defeated let them mourn,
 And lost in empty air.

11 Be shame their just reward assign'd,
 While round me with relentless mind
 Derision's shout they raise ;
 Thy Bliss let All who seek thee share,
 And, taught thy Love, that Love declare
 In songs of ceaseless praise.

12 While These in thy Salvation joy,
 Increasing griefs my thought employ,
 And speediest aid demand :
 My Helper and Redeemer, hear ;
 O, instant in my cause appear,
 And reach thy saving hand.

P S A L M XLVII.

1 **A**RISE, ye People, clap the hand ;
 Exulting strike the chord :
 Let ev'ry Isle, and ev'ry Land,
 Confess th' Almighty Lord.

2 How awful his mysterious Name !
 How high advanc'd his Seat !

Thy Mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
Nor numbers can their sum recount,
Nor words their worth display.

4 Nor Sacrifice thy Love can win,
Nor Off'rings from the stain of sin
Obnoxious Man shall clear:
Thy hand my mortal frame prepares,
(Thy hand, whose signature it bears,)
And opes my willing ear.

5 And, since the Blood of Victims slain,
And hallow'd Gifts, attempt in vain
T' avert th' Offender's doom,
Myself the atonement will provide;
Lo! (touch'd with pity, thus I cry'd,)
I come, my God, I come.

6 Thy Book, by sacred Bards unroll'd,
My full obedience has foretold
To Thy mysterious Will.
His just assent thy Servant gives,
Thy words my Breast with joy receives,
My Hands with zeal fulfil.

7 The faithful Witness to thy fame,
Aloud thy Justice I proclaim
To ABRAHAM's chosen Race:
My lips, Thou know'st, have ne'er declin'd
To preach the Theme by Thee injoin'd,
The Wonders of thy Grace.

8 With strong desire my bosom glows
Thy Truth and Mercy to disclose,
In Man's relief display'd:
O let that Truth dispel my woe,
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P S A L M XL.

25

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D

Who bids the Nations own our claim,
And casts them at our feet.

3 He to our lot a Land assign'd,
His favour'd JACOB's boast,
And blest with gifts of various kind
Her health-incircled coast.

4 Hear, while the shouts wide-echoing round
Th' ascending God proclaim,
The answer'ing trump through Heav'n resound,
And shake it's vaulted frame.

5 Sing to our God ; in loudest strain
Perpetual praises sing :
O'er Earth's wide bounds extends his reign ;
O praise our God and King.

6 Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
In one assembled throng,
Your shares of harmony to part,
And raise the Heav'n-taught Song.

7 His sway the Sons of human kind
With humblest homage own ;
And Sanctity with Pow'r combin'd
Supports his lasting throne.

8 Kings from afar conven'd behold,
Whose breasts with zeal have glow'd,
Among the tribes to stand inroll'd,
That bow to ABRAHAM's God.

9 For He, whose hands amid the skies
Th' eternal scepter wield,
To Earth's whole race his care applies,
And o'er them spreads the shield.

P S A L M XLVIII.

- 1 **G**REAT is our God : With warmest zeal
 O let his name be blest,
 Within the precincts of his Hill,
 And City of his rest.
- 2 Fair is that Hill ; how wond'rous fair !
 Imperial STON's Seat :
 There centers, Earth, thy Joy, and there
 Its measure owns complete.
- 3 Her Walls, while there his lov'd receis
 The Northern Heav'n surveys,
 With safety God vouchsafes to bleis,
 And pleas'd her scepter sways.
- 4 Earth's haughty Monarchs thither came ;
 They came, they saw, they fled.
 Amazement shook their inmost frame,
 And undissembled dread.
- 5 Such fears they share as Matrons find
 That feel the increasing throe,
 Struck by that God, whose shatt'ring wind
 Thy Ships, O THARSIS, know.
- 6 Lord ! what our ears long since have known,
 Our eyes delighted trace,
 Thy Love in long succession shown
 To SALEM's chosen race.
- 7 Thrice blest Abode ! whose ev'ry tow'r
 By Thee supported stands,
 That God whose wide-extended pow'r
 Th' ethereal Host commands.
- 8 When prostrate at thy hallow'd Shrine,
 Thy mercies each surveys,

Transported with the view, we join
In wonder, love, and praise.

9 Thy Name, through Earth's wide confines spread,
Eternal honours crown ;
Each sentence by thy hand decreed
Fair Justice stamps her own.

10 Let SION's Heav'n-devoted Mount
With shouts of triumph ring,
And JUDAH's Daughters pleas'd recount
The Judgments of her King.

11 Go, walk her sacred streets along,
And let her tow'rs be told ;
With curious eye her bulwarks strong
And beauteous domes behold.

12 So shall the fair description last,
Preserv'd in full record,
And tell what glories once have grac'd
The Seat of JACOB's Lord.

13 To Him our thankful heart shall bow,
Nor own a God beside ;
To life's last period Him avow
The ever faithful Guide.

P S A L M LII.

1 **W**HY, Tyrant, boasts thy heart the pow'r
To work a Brother's woe ;
While God his mercy bids each hour
In streams unmeasur'd flow ?

2 With joy thy tongue, to falshood prone,
Its venom deals around ;
Nor razor sharpen'd on a stone
Inflicts so deep a wound.

- 3 Thy lips far readier Ill than Good
And Lies than Truth have fought;
Nor e'er has word that aim'd at blood
Unwelcom'd met thy thought.
- 4 But God whose wrath thy crimes inflame,
Shall pluck thee from thy home,
Root from the iand of life thy name,
And seal thy changeless doom.
- 5 The Just, with thankful awe possess'd,
Shall view thy blasted pride,
And, from their fiercest foe releas'd,
Thy impious boasts deride.
- 6 "Lo there the Wretch in trespass bold,
"Who God's support disdain'd,
"And on his heaps of treasure'd gold
"His frantic hope sustain'd."
- 7 Fresh as the verdant olive, I
Within thy Courts shall stand,
And, fix'd, indulgent Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.
- 8 Thy Acts my praise shall ever claim,
Thy Name, amidst my woes,
(How grateful to thy Saints that Name!)
My ev'ry fear compose.

P S A L M LIV.

- 1 **T**HY Name my steadfast heart avows;
Do Thou my injur'd cause espouse,
And be thy Strength my aid:
My plaints, eternal Monarch, hear,
And let them by thy pitying ear
With full regard be weigh'd.

P S A L M LIV.

- 2 For Nations from thy fear estrang'd,
 With Tyrants fierce, against me rang'd,
 My guiltless soul pursue:
 But 'midst my helpers Heav'n's high Lord
 Shall stand, and faithful to his word
 Each adverse pow'r subdue.

- 3 O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
 Itself a willing off-ring yield;
 To Thee its praise shall flow,
 While to my thought thy Mercies rise,
 That gave me with exulting eyes
 To see my prostrate foe.

P S A L M LXX.

- 1 **H**ASTE to my aid, my Saviour, haste;
 My Soul, by hostile numbers chas'd,
 To Thee directs its pray'r:
 In wild confusion backward borne
 Their wish defeated let them mourn,
 And lost in empty air.

- 2 Be shame their just reward assign'd,
 While round me with relentless mind
 Derision's shout they raise:
 Thy bliss let all who seek thee share,
 And, taught thy Love, that Love declare,
 In songs of ceaseless praise.

- 3 While These in thy Salvation joy,
 Increasing griefs my thought employ,
 And speediest aid demand.
 My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
 O, instant in my cause appear,
 And reach thy saving hand.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **L**ORD ! to my wants thy ear incline ;
Behold me, as with grief I pine ;
My hope confirm, and guard from ill
A soul subjected to thy Will.
- 2 From rising to declining day
To Thee with fervent lip I pray :
Propitious, to thy servant's heart
Thy clearing influence impart.
- 3 To Thee, to Thee I vent my care,
I know thee, Lord, nor slow to spare,
Nor weak to vindicate from harm,
The Souls with pure devotion warm.
- 4 My days with sorrow clouded o'er,
Thy wonted succours I implore :
Regard me, gracious ; nor forbear
The voice of my request to hear.
- 5 What pow'r, great God, shall boast a name
Like thine ? like Thee our homage claim ?
Or who, among the Seats divine,
Shall boast or pow'r or works like thine ?
- 6 Behold, their Maker taught to own,
Earth's future Sons before thy throne
In SION suppliant kneel, and raise
To ISRAEL's God their joyful Lays.
- 7 Eternal Excellence ! Thy hand
At will shall Nature's pow'rs command ;
Thy wonders, through her confines wide,
She speaks, nor owns a God beside.

- 8 O give me, Lord, thy paths to tread,
And, while thy Truth my steps shall lead,
(The faithful Guide by Thee assign'd,)
Train to thy fear my willing mind.
- 9 My heart, by sacred zeal impell'd,
To Thee the grateful song shall yield;
My tongue, the witness of thy fame,
Thy boundless Glory shall proclaim.
- 10 Long as I breathe the vital air,
Thy Love my loudest praise shall share,
Whose aid my soul with health has crown'd,
And snatch'd me from the pit profound.
- 11 Thou see'st, my God, the Sons of Pride,
In leagues of violence allied,
(Thy fear behind them thrown) my way
Surround, and mark me for their prey:
- 12 But well my great Preserver knows
To weigh and to relieve my woes;
Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
What danger can my soul invade?
- 13 Long is thy patience, slow thine ire;
Eternal Mercy, mightiest Sire,
Thy word (on that my trust I build);
And unrepenting Truth have seal'd.
- 14 My griefs with tend'rest pity view,
With strength thy Servant's heart renew,
And instant from th' expecting grave
The Offspring of thy Handmaid save.
- 15 O grant me, Lord, some fav'ring sign,
Some pledge that may bespeak me Thine,
That, stung with shame, my foes may see
What Aid, what Bliss, I boast in Thee.

P S A L M C.

- 1 **Y**E Tribes of Earth, in God rejoice,
His presence hail with thankful voice;
To him your willing homage pay,
And wake the tributary lay.
- 2 Submissive to his Will, in him
Behold the God of Gods supreme:
Nor Lords, with Him, nor Gods beside,
The honours of his Throne divide.
- 3 With conscious wonder oft survey'd,
He, not ourselves, our frame has made:
The subjects of his pow'r we stand,
The sheep that own his guiding hand.
- 4 "O, enter then his gates with praise,"
To Him your loudest accents raise,
With grateful hearts his Love proclaim,
And bless, O blest, his awful Name.
- 5 For Truth in Him and Mercy live:
That Truth shall Time itself survive;
That Mercy through the length of days
Unclouded pour its healing rays.

P S A L M CVII.

- 1 **T**O God above from all below
Let hymns of praise ascend;
Whose Blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose Mercy knows no end.
But chief by Those his name be blest,
To whom his aid he gave;
Beheld them by the foe oppress'd,
And reach'd his arm to save.

- 2 To East, to West, to South, to North,
 Condemn'd a while to roam,
 His hand in pity brought them forth,
 And call'd the wand'ers home.
 Behold them o'er the Desert stray,
 A helpless, hopeless, Train :
 Some City, where their steps to stay,
 They seek, but seek in vain.

P S A L M CXI.

- 1 **M**Y Soul with sacred zeal inspir'd,
 Shall wake to God the thankful strain,
 In secret with his Saints retir'd,
 And 'midst fair STON's crouded fane.
 Great are his Works : With studious aim
 Each faithful heart those Works has trac'd ;
 His Act shall highest honour claim,
 His Equity for ever last.
- 2 His Wonders to the grateful sense
 In sweet memorial stand confess :
 For boundless grace his hands dispense,
 And tend'rest pity warms his breast.
 His Love the Souls to him allied,
 With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd,
 Nor suffers from his thought to slide,
 The Promise to his People seal'd.

P S A L M CXVII.

- 1 **L**ET thy various Realms, O Earth,
 Praises yield to Heav'n's high Lord ;
 Praise him All of human birth,
 And his wond'rous Acts record,

- 1 See his Mercy o'er our Land
 Spread its ever-healing wing,
 And his Truth through ages stand;
 Praise, O praise, th' eternal King.

P S A L M CXVIII.

- 1 **L**IFT your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heavenly King,
 For his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.
- 2 ISRAEL, thy Creator blest,
 And with joyous tongue confess,
 That his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.
- 3 AARON, let thy chosen line
 Grateful in th' avowal join,
 That his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.
- 4 Ye who make his Will your care,
 With assenting voice declare,
 That his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.

P S A L M CXX.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd, with anguish sung,
 Nor form'd a fruitless pray'r.
 O save me from the lying tongue,
 And lips that would injure.
 Thou Child of Guilt, to falsehood bred,
 Say, what shall be thine end?
 See keenest arrows o'er thy head,
 And quenchless coals, impend.

- 2 Ah! Woe is Me, to MESECH's seat
 And KEDAR's tents confin'd ;
 Perpetual insult doom'd to meet
 From men of restless mind.
 When offers mild of Peace I make ;
 And friendliest terms prepare,
 My words their slumb'ring rage awake,
 And arm them for the War.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **L**O! from the Hills my help descends ;
 To Them I lift mine eyes.
 My strength on Him alone depends,
 Who form'd the Earth and Skies.

- 2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Forbids thy feet to slide ;
 Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
 Of ISRAEL's Guard and Guide.
- 3 He at thy hand, array'd in might,
 His shield shall o'er thee spread ;
 Nor Sun by day, nor Moon by night,
 Shall hurt thy favour'd head.
- 4 Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
 While He thy life defends,
 Whose eyes thy ev'ry step discern,
 Whose Mercy never ends.

P S A L M CXXII. FIRST PART.

- 1 **T**HE festal Morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd Dome,
 Thy presence to adore :
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy Courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

- 2 Ev'n now to our transported eyes
 Fair SION's tow'rs in prospect rise;
 Within her gates we stand:
 And, lost in wonder and delight,
 Behold her happy Sons unite,
 In friendship's firmest band.
- 3 Hither from JUDAH's utmost end
 The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;
 Their off'rings hither bring;
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.

P S A L M CXXII. SECOND PART.

- 1 **B**E Peace by all implor'd on Thee,
 O SALEM, while with bended knee
 To JACOB's God we pray:
 How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
 Success his labour shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.
- 2 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
 May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,
 And in thy Courts with lavish hand
 Distribute all her store.
- 3 Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
 How can my tongue, O SALEM, fail
 To bless thy lov'd Abode?
 How cease the zeal that in me glows
 Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
 The Mansion of my God?

P S A L M CXXVI.

- 1 **I**S this a Dream? amaz'd we cry'd,
 When led by their celestial Guide,
 Fair Sion's captive Tribes again
 Beheld her late deserted plain.
 Then forth to laughter burst each tongue,
 And songs of loudest triumph sung.
- 2 The Nations round, with secret awe,
 The mighty work admiring saw:
 And, "Great (they cry'd.) the Gift bestow'd
 "On These, the favour'd of their God!"
 "O, great the Gift!" Our hearts rejoin,
 And joyful bless the hand divine.
- 3 Let those, whose exile still we mourn,
 Beneath thy conduct, Lord, return,
 Fast as the copious torrents glide,
 When, to its vacant bed their tide,
 Restoring, o'er the wastes they run,
 That burn beneath the southern Sun.
- 4 Let scenes of Hope our thought employ:
 Who sow in tears shall reap in joy.
 The weeping Hind, whose dubious hand
 Now strews with grain the furrow'd land,
 Shall homeward soon exulting bear
 The Blessings of the loaded year.

P S A L M CXXVII.

- 1 **A** Race by God unblest who rear,
 A fruitless toil sustain;
 If God to shield the Town forbear,
 The Watchman wakes in vain.

- 2 Why rise Ye early, late take rest,
And eat the bread of care?
The balm of sleep, his gift confest,
His Children only share.
- 3 Know too thy Sons, that round thee stand,
A gift by Him prepar'd ;
Nor arrows in the Giant's hand
Can yield so sure a guard.
- 4 Blest, who his quiver stores with These
When hostile troops are near,
His gate the storm approaching sees,
Yet sees without a fear.

P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 **T**O Thee from out the Deeps I pray,
With heaviest woes oppress'd :
Lord, let thine ears attentive weigh
The voice of my request.
- 2 If from the Sons of human birth
Thy wrath its debt demand,
O who, throughout the peopled earth,
Beneath that wrath shall stand?
- 3 But Sin's worst wounds thy Mercy heals :
As down its pow'rs descend,
The grateful Soul their influence feels,
And trembles to offend.
- 4 Thee, Lord, I seek, the Wise, the Just ;
My Soul, by Thee upheld,
Expectant waits (thy Word its trust,)
Till Thou thy beams shalt yield.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

1 **H**OW blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
 When Brothers join'd with Brothers meet
 In bands of mutual Love!
 Lest sweet the liquid fragrance, shed
 On AARON's consecrated head,
 Ran trickling from above,

2 And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest :
 Lest sweet the Dews on HERMON's breast
 Or SION's Hill descend :
 That Hill has God with Blessings crown'd,
 There promis'd Grace that knows no bound,
 And Life that knows no end.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

1 **Y**E Servants of th' eternal King,
 Your grateful hymns triumphant sing :
 To you I call, the chosen Band,
 Who take amid his Courts your stand,
 While, gliding round the dusky pole,
 The starry Orbs in silence roll.

2 Within his Temple's vaulted frame
 With lifted hands his praise proclaim.
 And He, may He, whose pow'r has made
 The Earth, and Heav'n's wide arch display'd,
 From sacred SION bid thee prove
 The Blessings of his boundless Love.

P S A L M CXLV.

1 **T**HEE will I bless, my God and King,
 Nor cease thy wond'rous Acts to sing.
 From earliest morn to latest eve
 Thy praises on my tongue shall live ;

To Thee my harp shall wake each string,
Nor cease thy wond'rous Acts to sing.

- 2 Great is our God : In vain our praise
His Excellence in equal lays
Would celebrate ; in vain the Mind
Its height, its depth, essays to find.
Age to succeeding age thy Might
Shall speak, thy Works, blest Lord, recite,
- 3 My tongue thy glory shall proclaim,
The faithful witness of thy fame,
Bid Contemplation's inmost thought
Survey the wonders thou hast wrought,
And with assenting myriads join
To bless the Majesty divine.

GLORIA PATRI.

I.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Be praise in Heav'n and Earth address'd,
As was, and is, and yet shall be,
When Time its latest hour shall see.

II.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Be praise in loudest notes address'd,
Such praise as from th' Angelic Choirs,
And Saints whose zeal like theirs inspires,
In Heav'n above and Earth below
Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

III.

Al! Glory to th' Eternal Three;
 Thee Father; Thee, O Son; and Thee,
 The Spirit ever blest:
 That Glory, which through ages past
 Unchang'd has stood, and yet shall last,
 When Time has sunk to rest.

IV.

Be Glory to th' Eternal Three
 Ascrib'd, and highest Praise,
 As was, and is, and still shall be
 Beyond the end of days.

V.

To th' Eternal Three be giv'n
 Praise on Earth, and Praise in Heav'n;
 Such as was through ages past,
 Is, and shall for ever last.

F I N I S.

